

Kiowa, Commanche, and Apache on the south. In 1893 they numbered 507.

In person, the Caddo are rather smaller and darker than the neighboring prairie tribes, and from their long residence in Louisiana, they have a considerable admixture of French blood. They are an agricultural tribe, raising large crops of corn, pumpkins and melons, and still retaining industrious habits in spite of their many vicissitudes of fortune. They were never buffalo hunters until they came out on the plains. They formerly lived in conical grass houses like the Wichita, but are now in log houses and generally

wear citizen's dress, excepting in the dance. The old custom which gave rise to the name and tribal sign of "Pierced Nose," is now obsolete. In 1806, Sibley said: "They are brave, despise danger or death, and boast that they never shed white man's blood." Their former enemies, the prairie tribes, bear witness to their bravery, and their friendship toward the whites is a part of their history, but has resulted in no great advantage to themselves, as they have been dispossessed from their own country and are recognized only as tenants at will in their present location.

THE VIRGIN-QUEEN OF MAY.

Beauty of the Devotion of this Month in Honor of the Mother of God.

Our Lady's Month! Is there a Catholic community in Christendom that is not quickened by its devotional spirit? writes the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., in the Ave Maria. Is there a Catholic home the wide world over whose spiritual atmosphere is not clarified and warmed by its beneficent sunshine? Nay, is there a Catholic heart among all the millions beating in sympathy with Mother-Church that does not, by unwonted thrills of religious joy, acknowledge its suave and gracious influence? Luxuriant efflorescence of a devotion planted when the Almighty's promise of a Redeemer to come lightened the burden of our first parents' woe, taking deep and vigorous root when the apostolic twelve paid loving tribute of sincerest homage to the Virgin-Mother in the flushing dawn of the Christian era, and developing a lusty growth through all the centuries that have intervened between the "Son, behold Thy Mother" of Calvary and "I am the Immaculate Conception" of Lourdes,—the Month of Mary is the loveliest manifestation of religious sentiment that has yet appeared in the

Church's history to beautify the world redeemed by Mary's Son.

Little or nothing would it avail us here to inquire when and where these May devotions to the Queen of Heaven took their special rise, or to whose inspiration we are indebted for a practice so thoroughly congenial to the affections and needs of Catholic hearts and souls. Whether or not the practice was the overflowing love-bloom of childish hearts beneath the sunny glory of Italian skies, and found its first expression in the tuneful chant of Loretto's Litany by youthful devotees gathering around the Madonna's statue in some tranquil by-street of the Eternal City, it was so clearly in harmony with Catholic faith and traditions, its desirability was so manifestly apparent, that no sooner was it suggested than the Catholic universe hastened to adopt it. And so it has come to pass that, in whatsoever quarter of the world the sweet old story of Bethlehem and Nazareth has evoked the veneration and love of human hearts, May, the fairest and most gracious month of all the joyous springtime—the poetic season of nature's rejuvenes-